

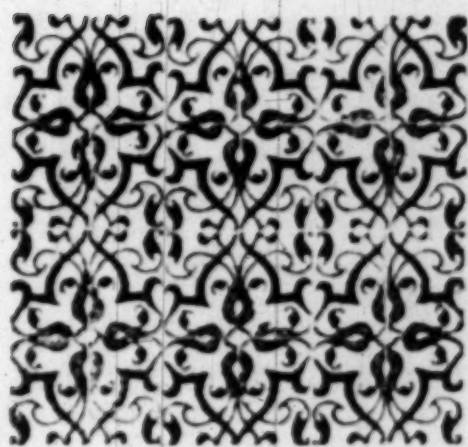


Constant Lusina.

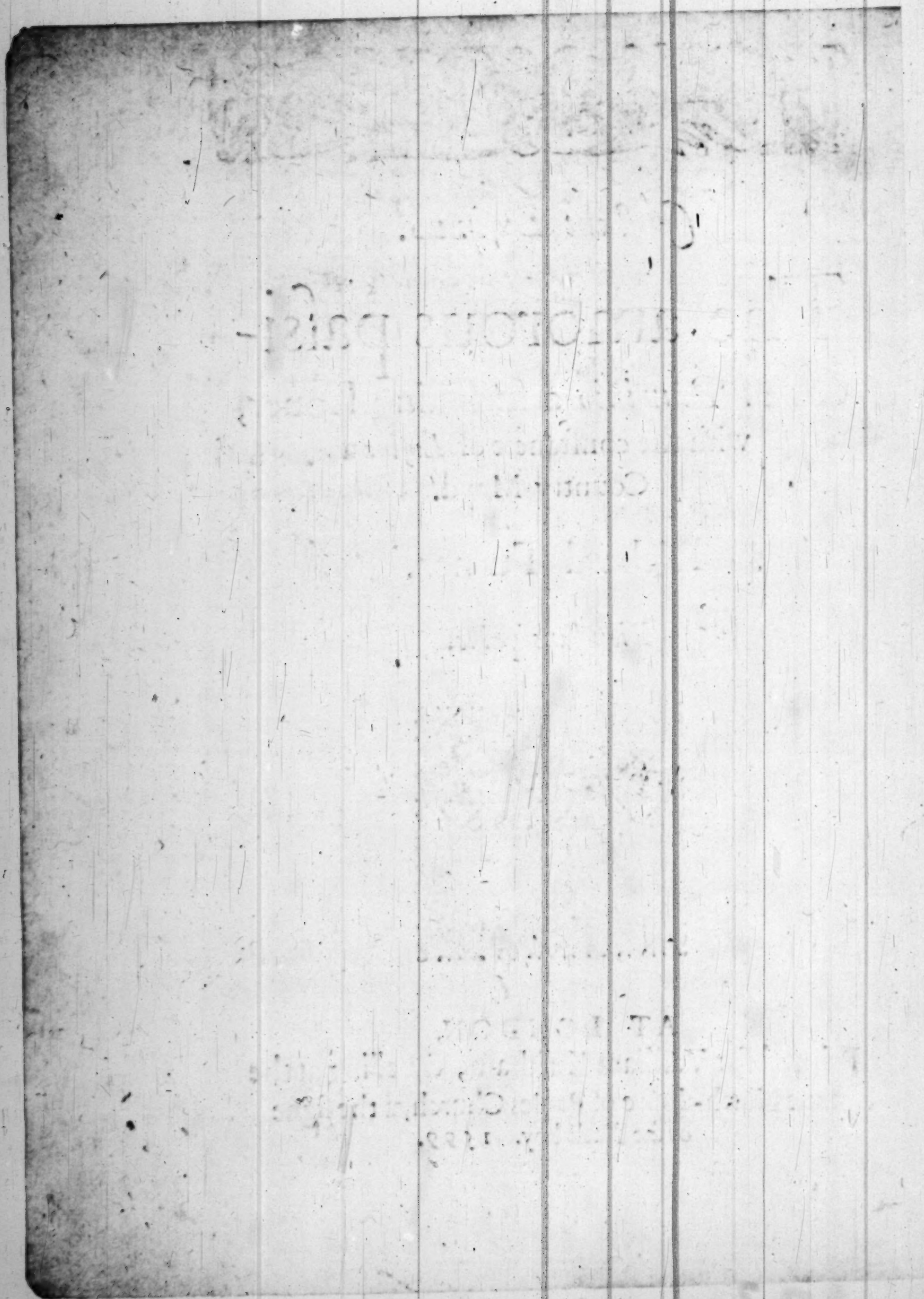
The amorous passi-
ons of *Paurinio* a surfeiting Louer,
with the constancie of *Lusina* a
Country Mayd.

Richard Turner.

Rien sans peine.



AT LONDON,
Printed for William Kirkham, dwelling at the
little North-doore of Paules Church, at the signe
of the Black-boy. 1599.





To the right Worshipfull, Maister
Edmond Traffort of Traffort Esquire,
Richard Turner wisheth encrease of
honorable vertues.



THE Troians (right VVorshipfull) when they sought to pacifie the wrath of Pallas, presented Books and Launces to signifie her Deity, as well defended by Letters as Armes. And those which desired to be in fauour with Alexander, brought him eyther wise Phylosophers or hardy Souldiers. Seeing then that gyfts are the more gratefully accounted, by how much the more they fitte the humour of the party to whom they are presented: so I desirous, part for Countrey sake, but chiefly to gratifie your VVorshippe with some thing that might signifie my great good will towardses you; so finding my ability to be vnfit to present you with any thing of worth; at last I thought conuenient to presume so farre as to trouble your VVorship with this short Pamphlet, grounding my hope you will accept of it willingly; because the Author is and will be a well willer to your VVorship; and as it is, so to thinke of it, & if it please you to peruse it with patience the oftner, otherwyse to yeelde your VVorships fauour to say it is a Booke, and so let it passe: the volume is little, but drawne from a large
A 3 principle;

The Epistle.

principle, the amorous passions of Paurinio a surfeiting Louer, wherein also high disdayne is rewarded with hot distresse; a precious spectacle for Gentlemen to behold, least in condemning loue, they bee with Paurinio ouer-reached in loue, & so with him prooue passionate, and yet vn pittied. Thus (right VVorshipfull) with a fauourable insight, enter more into the mind of the giuer, than the woorth of the gift, I commit your VVorship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly
to commaund, R. T.

T The trusty Traffort alwaies was
R Right good vnto the poore,
A And eke a worthy name he had,
F Far passing heeretofore.
F For stately deedes of Chiualry
O Our Countrey plaine can tell,
R Recorded in his valiant Armes,
T That Traffort did excell.

To

To all courteous and gentle
Readers.



Entle Readers, standing amazed at my vnlearned worke, and seeing it was not adorned with green Bayes, nor yet woorthy to attayne so great a fauour as to present the least sprout of Pallas Bay tree. I thought rather to auoyde the many frumps of Momus, and pull asunder these vnreuerent lynes, than to abide the frumps of euery foe. Thus resting my selfe content, though euery day in a contrary mind, whether to pull my work asunder, or to blaze it abroad, and so abide that which euery curious Reader would afford, as guerdon for my labour. Then (courteous Readers) calling to minde that right Worshipfull, to whom I present this Pamphlet. I presumed so much on his fauourable acceptance, to blaze my worke abroad; in so much that the greatest paine being past, nought remayning but each courteous Readers good will, the which I trust doubtlesse to attayne by this pleasant Pamphlet. And though it be limping with Vulcan, yet they will accept of it with Venus for a daunce. And so if it please them not to passe it with patience, otherwyse to thanke the Author for his paines, who euer was and euer will bee yours to commaund.

Richard Turner.

The Booke to the Author his
friendly Caueat.

Author.

REade simple for certaine,
condemne not my skill:
Despise not my doings,
but wey my good will.

Booke.

Be not too bold to blaze abroad
thy Booke of little skill;
Least *Momus* mates deride thy state,
and wey not thy good will.

Author.

I wey not *Momus* mocking mates,
which will my state deride:
For I will publish forth my worke
amidst the world so wide.

Booke.

Stay erst a while thy running pen,
take counsell of thy friend,
Then blaze abroad thy little Booke,
which lately thou hast pend.

My

Author.

My friend doth counsell me
to publish forth my deede,
That printers may paint forth my work
for Gentlemen to reade.

Booke.

Be not too rash with running pen,
cut off that bluntish end:
Least other Writers take in hand
thy many faults to mend.

Author.

Should I not shew my great good will,
Tho *Pallas* wit I want:
If *Plato* should paint forth the worke,
proud *Momus* still would taunt.

Booke.

When then I rest and giue thee leaue
to blaze abroad with speed,
Paurinios amorous passions
for Gentlemen to read.

Author.

Then passe my little booke:
tho euery one thee blame:
If any misse misliked be,
let *Turner* haue the shame.

R. T.

B.



The amorous passions of *Paurinio*, a surfeiting Louer.
(*)



In Bohemia raigned a King named Egistus, famous for his deeds of Chivalry, who had to son Paurinio, sayre by nature, and learned by education: In so much that Egistus was very carefull of him, watching like Argos ouer him, fearing least he should fall in loue with some beautifull Curtizan, and therewith dishonour both his birth and parentage: the which Paurinio perceiuing, and Phœbus no sooner bailed the Curtaine of the night, but hee gotte vp, leauing his Father in a golden slepe, he walked to tast of Floras smells, and so to recreate himselfe where Lady Vir had placed her mantles greene, where Paurinio thinking to passe the time with viewing of natures woorkes, chanced to glaunce his eye aside, & gazed on Venus Temple, where in a vally he had espied one fairer then Venus: nay, surpassing all the Goddesses in beauty: his passions were prest so deeply: with that drawing himselfe nearer and nearer, till at last he was so gawled with græfe, that presently he was forced to craue fauour to heale his festered body.

In this manner taking her by the hand: Sayre Nymph quoth hee, why should I call her so: nay sayre of all sayres, and the sweetest perfection of earthly content, whose beautie doth surpass the blush that glorified Luna, when shee kist the shepheard on the hills of Latmos, nay sayrer than that

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glimmering cloude that glorified Auroras face: he not all the Crimson dyes, nor like those Lampes which makes the wealthy court of the heauens more glorious, can yeelde a second beautie vnto thee: Oh that I could commaunde the Queene of loue to grace thee with a smile, or else that I Priamus were, to court thee with a kisse: or had I in possession that golden ball: not Iuno for her skil in marshal deces, nor Pallas for her eloquence, nor Venus for her beauty shold enioy the same: but this fayre of all faires, shoulde haue it from them all. Then saye yeeld fauour, and let me faint no more.

Lufina.

Wardon dread Prince, beggers are not to gaze so high, least they catch a suddaine fall: and Country maidens must content themselves to match with Country Swaines, and not with courtly Lords: therefore pardon my Lord, I cannot loue.

Paurinio.

Why cease I then to court our courtly dames, and spend my time here with a country drudge: A Country drudge: why shoulde I call her so, when her beauty well deserves a princely Crowne: Nay I will honour her and loue her, if all my friendes against mee frowne, faire prospect of my dying hart, yeeld fauour to thine assured friend, who lyues, though dying line to see thy beautie blaze on earth.

Lufina.

Faire Prince, were your loue so faithful as your wordes seeme faire, I woulde not bee so foolish to grant you any fauour. Princes should affect to loue, and not to lust: and as for my Virginitie, it is the flower of my youth: then not to be defaced with a faithlesse louer.

Paurinio

of Paurinio. 517

Paurinio. False beauty blazed on so base a portrature, accursed Ven-
us amozites that thus augments my griefe: what dost
thou deme me inconstant, which am so louing as to lay my
affections on so base a portrature: **Lusina,** if thou wilt
make mee the sole commander of thy beauty, thou shalt
finde me constant, louing, loyall, & true harted, and to gaine
all my friends hate to obtaine thy loue.

Lusina.

Thanks god my Lord, but Kings and beggers can in no
wise triumph in a simpathy.

Paurinio.

Base girle, why stande I thus to roule the stone with Si-
siphus, or to fill Cabellas founts with teares: when Kings
commaund is a lawe of constraint: and where words will
not serue, sword may enforce: therfore speak proud Simph
either yeeld or dye.

Lusina.

Hayre Prince, before your selfe made motion, my heart
had given free consent: But considering my base estate, and
your dignity: I thought not to be found too plyant, least ey-
ther I should be condemned light or inconstant.

Paurinio.

Better late then neuer, but **Lusina,** in token I loue thee,
thou shalt be Quene of Bohemia, did all the world gainsay.
And thus gracing thee with a louing kisse, I will leaue
thee till some other time, and when due time doth serue, we
wil bre te in deede, that which we haue performed in words.
So these two Louers embracing each other with a kindly
kisse, walked homewards, he to his fathers court in walled
Phrage, and she to her fathers house in a Countrey village
two miles distant: so leauing these two louers, let vs return
to Egistus, who lay all this time in a golden slumber. But

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When Egistus was exiled from sleepe, Phoebus glistering beames tolled in the skie, so that in hast he started from his bed, calling (as his vsuall custome was) for Paurinio of who he was very carefull, and not finding him at home, he was verie peniue, passing the time with heauie sighes, vntill Paurinio returned home. But Paurinio was no sooner in his presence, but he presently perceined that Paurinio was perplexed with louers passions, and that warlike Mars had yielded himselfe to wanton Venus, so that Egistus presently brake forth into these speeches.

Ah wanton boy, where hast thou bene ranging: it seemes by thy changed hue, that Venus hath made Anatomie of thy carkasse, and caused thy valiant hart to bowe to pinching penurie. Then tell mee Paurinio, what Curtizan hath caught thee in her lappes, or what beauty hath caused thy eyes to bee blinde: Sprake man, dismay not, Ile present it if I can.

Paurinio.

Ah Father, the pearle of earthly content, a sayze of all sayzes, farre surpassing Venus amozites, no not all the conquests won by Cæsars sword, doth moze content my mind, than that sweet Nymph, I terme her all too base, that Goddess of puritie.

Egistus.

Ah fond and foolish Paurinio, art thou no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but thou must runne with the shell on thy head: I tell thee Paurinio, when Nilus ouer-floweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: vntimelie fruites haue neuer good fortune: and young men that loues too soone, will repent when it is too late: And fond Paurinio what dost thou see that thy hart must needes loue: knowing that of all creatures in the world, a woman is the contrariest: and hee that marrieth to a faire face, tyeth himselfe to a foule bargaine: Cresida was Troylus decay: Helen was beau-

of Paurinio.

beautifull, but false harted : glifflering glasse pꝛoues not perfect golde : the fayrest flower hath not the sweetest smel : and thou beeing young in yeeres, thinkes there is no Sun, because it is couered with a clowde, noꝝ no fire, because it is raked vp in Imbers, noꝝ no false hart, because it is hid with deceitful beautie : nay say shee mournes with Ladie Biblis, whose teares were turned to a fountaine : yet will shee pꝛoue inconstant. Dianira was sayre, yet false to Hercules : nay bee there neuer so many Troyalusses, a Woman wil be contrary.

At which words, Paurinio stood as one halfe amazed, not knowing what to say, in respect of his fathers rash replie : Yet at the last began in this manner. Father (quoth he) disdain becomes not my state : least I in the flower of my youth be condemned with Ixion, noꝝ to dispise beautie, least I should be ouer-reached with beauty : & so with Narcissus pꝛoue passionate, & yet unpittied : foꝝ oft haue I heard, and oft haue I seene, high disdain rewarded with hote distresse : what woman can be beautiful and cruel : graced with heavenly blushes and inconstant, glozied with the gifts of nature and unkind : decked with such crimson dyes and discoloured all : No Father (quoth Paurinio,) as you condemne them the contrariest, so I account them the constantest, neuer turning into any foꝝme oꝝ obiect but one.

With that Egistus in a furious rage made this replie : Ah fond and foolish Paurinio, thy tongue runnes befoꝝe thy witte : foꝝ women are equall with the Camelion, who chaungeth himselfe into euery obiect saue white, and so doth a woman turne herselfe into all colours saue honestie : What nature hath made, Arte can marre : foꝝ commonly if shee bee sayre, shee is coltish, foolish, wanton, and wilde : Therefore I will referre her to bee equall with the Crocodile, a Serpent bred in Egypt, who, when shee smyleth, poysoneth : and when shee weepeth, deuoureth : resembling
the

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the Panther, who with the sweetnesse of his breath & beauty of his Coate, allureth such Beastes within his compasse, as hee intendeth to deuoure, and pray vpon their carcases: not vnlike the Box-tree whose leaues are greene, and the seedes popson: or the beautifull Apples of Tantalus, who no sooner touched, but turne to ashes: so a womans countenance is friendly, her wordes pleasaunt, but her intent dangerous. Lyons looks are not the mappes of his meaning: the Tyger is cruell, though hee hides his clawes, and women are inconstant, though pleasaunt in outward shewes. (For Paurinio) commonly women can resemble thye faces vnder a hoo: that is, sayre of complexion, but foule of condition: a Saint in shew, but a Tyger in heart: a Goddesse in thye looking, but a Lyon in thye keeping: outwardly honest, but inwardly a harbourer of cruelty: professing a friend, but prouing a foe: beautifull, but inconstant: not vnlike the Lillies, faire in shew, but foule in smell: sparkling fauour with disdaine: courteous, and yet coy: amiable, and yet unkind: full of fauour, and yet false harted: resembling the Serpent Regius, who hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, but a breath as infectious, as the Accoutum is deadly. But let me breath a little, least I chance to surfet in shewing thee what a braue picture I sawe at my last being in Venice, wrought both curiously and costly: and withall so glorious, as would dazle the proudest eye to looke against: this picture (Paurinio) was the portrature of louely Venus, all masked in such gorgeous attyre, and glozyed with such Alexandrian payntings, as would cause the constantest wight in the world to yeld with Pigmalion, to fall in loue with a picture: fast by her stode another picture, seeming to be of some silly sheepeheard cursely wrought with common colours, hauing a little table in his hand, whereon was wrytten these verses following.

You gallants all that view this shape
of Venus beauty bright,

Must

of Paurinio.

Must neuer loue the fayrest show,
vvhich glorious is in sight.
For why this gorgeous picture heere
all furnished with gold,
Is but a shew in fading beauties shape,
for Louers to behold.
Her face is deckt with outward shewes,
her hart doth secret lie,
Her haire is layd in filuered caules,
her mind is hard to spie.
Her pleasant lookes proue bitter hate,
her garments looke for gaine,
Her speech is faire, yet false it prooues,
her ioyes are bitter paine.
Then gallants all when you doe loue,
come see this pleasant show,
Which outwardly delights your mind,
though prouing, pained woe.

Thus Paurinio (quoth Egistus) hast thou heard the manifold vanities that fading beantie doth affoord, wishing thee to refraine such alluring looks, as are outwardly pleasant, but inwardly deceiuing: and not to cline after beauty, least thou be plagued with miserie: be not rash with Icarus, but cry out with old Dedalus, In medium tenere tuissimum: for Ixion climbing after beantie, caught a suddaine fall: for hee thinking to embrace Iuno, caught a vanishing cloude: then beware Paurinio, least thou plight troth of fading beantie, for he that gathereth a Rose, is pricked with a thorne, and he that plucks at a flower, may catch a nettle: the word is glorious, yet loathsome, the Snake is beautifull, but venomous, and a woman is faire, but yet false harted: nay to be briebe, were shee such a one as doth not deserue the Coblers check, yet shouldest thou finde sufficient vanities to counteruaile her vertues: for, as shee is faire, so is shee fading: and as shee is glozied with beauty, so is shee decked with deceite,

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and as she is courteous, so is she coy: and though she makes an outward shewe of constancy, yet can shee with a small blast turne to the contrary: and to be brieve, Vitium viporis si corrigi non possis ferendum esse. Then consider Paurinio, the Stingroth flieth without dread, so long as her wings bee wet: and young men loue without care, so long as they are vnder their Fathers lapps. Thus, because I will not spend too much time, I will end with the prouerbe, Say euer, and yet neuer enough of a womans inconstancie, wishing thee once a day to reade ouer these lines graced with such golden letters vpon this Marble Stone.

Tout cequi luit n'est pas or.

He that on beautie stayes his trust,
Shall find and proue these sayings iust.
That fading flowers will decay,
And beaury proues no sured stay.
Of all the Maydes thy hart can loue,
The fairest features faithlesse proue:
For beauty harboreth foule disdain,
And womens vviles proues bitter paine:
For were shee clad in Daphnes hue,
Whose beauty causd Apollo rue,
Or had shee Iunos glancing eye,
Whose beautie causd proud Ixion die;
I would not ground my louing hart,
Sith beauty causeth paine and smart.
Or had shee Helens smiling face,
Whom Priamus with loue did grace,
I would remember wofull Troy,
Which Helens beauty bereft of ioy.
Or had shee Sinons flattering hart,
Whose fained words prou'd bitter smart,
I would not lay my loue so light,
Sith beauty fades in open sight.

But

of Paurinio.

But quite defie proude Venus hie,
Whose beauty causeth Louers rue.

Paurinio pausing on his fathers former reply, and rightlie beholding so fewe lynes grounded to so great effect, and so many contraries contained with beautie: thought a little further to trouble his father, rather then to forsake the Paragon of perfection in this manner. Father (quoth he) seeing you condemne a beautifull woman for the contrariest creature on the earth, admit shee be rich, then shee is sufficient: for if she haue wealth, shee cannot choose but be wise, constant, louing, and loyall.

Stay sonne (quoth Egistus) for of all shee is the worst: for hast thou neuer read of an olde man in Carthage, who being demaunded of a young man named Coro, what deformities a mayd could be perplexed withall, whose byrth was rich, & beautified with gifts of nature: which old man no sooner hearing, and perceiving the youths perplexed passions, and howe for the gaine of wealth hee sought his bale and ouerthrow: suddainly he started vp, and though he was a man spare of speech, yet he spared not to speake in this manner. My sonne (quoth hee) though I my selfe haue lyued in this swete contented single life, not bowing my selfe to Venus wanton wiles, nor lending my eares to those flattering Syrens, which sweetly sing the Sailers wack: yet (quoth the olde man) though I neuer felt lone, I haue heard talke of loue: and haue read of such a Goddess as Venus: though I neuer sawe but her picture. But yet to bee brieife (quoth hee) I neuer read to the contrary, but if women be wealthy, then they be wanton, proud, haughty, stout, and stubborne, as though all the world were tyed to their girdles: tut, tut, it is no small thing shall cause her to stoupe, or once yeeld one inch of her own will, but rather controle then be controlled: But what thinke you is causer of this: the great store of riches, and wealthy possessions, thou obtaynest by her mar-

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age, regarding more her wealth then thy good will, sparkling fauour with disgrace, and high disdain in her thoughts: not vnlike the Bee, carrying honie in her mouth, and a sting in her taylor, her words painted, and her hart pittillesse: her face like siluered Luna, shadowing a thousande acconitum thoughts: resembling an Angell in shew, but in qualities a deuill: her face is a Kalender of misfortunes, her eyes like the Comets, that when they fall, fozetell some satall disparagement, shee will allure with golde, and kill with deadlie lookes: she wil cal thee with her tongue, and hate thee with her hart: she is like a venimous Snake in an Inuoy bore: a rustie blade in a golden scabbarde: an enuious hart in a faire body, glozious in shew, but venimous in mind.

And to be brieue (quoth the olde man) they are ingrattfull, vntrue, inconstant, full of fraude and deceipt: yea, quoth hee, the very refuse of Natures excrements, contrarie and inconstant, like the windes of Lepanthos. Yet further a little let me proceede, quoth he, to shewe thy care in catching, and cost in thy keeping: which being well discharged, assure thy selfe, the deuill may danunce in thy purse, for euer a crosse to keepe him backe: and more, seeke thou neuer so lovingly to please her, shee will bee discontent and louting: then seeke thou but once to bee angry, thinking thereby to breake her of her will, assure thy selfe no soner to be in the hall, but shee is on the house top, stamping with her feete, foaming at the mouth, bending her browes, and anger plowing the furrowes of her wrath, her eyes full of fire, yea, and for very anger, malicious teares wil flow along her cheeks, her tongue is tuned from a Sither lease to a clappish, and perhaps with a cudgell shee will cause thee to sing peccavi. Pay quoth hee, the fiery looke of her angry countenance, will be enough to with thy heade out of the halter, yea, and the Priest speechlesse that knit the knot, for haue you neuer so many cardes in the bunch, she wil haue as many trumps as you: and why should shee not be maister when her goods maintaines her: And moreover, her diet is so dangerous,
thou

of Paurinio.

thou art like to eate but fewe meales in quietnes. Thus
(quoth hee) my sonne, wishing thee to leaue and not to loue
gold for the glory, nor a shew for riches, I end, giuing the
few lines to peruse for my sake, and so adieu.

Chien eschaude orant l'aue froide.

My sonne (quoth he) beware of wealth,
Least gayning it thou loose thy health :
For looke how Midas once deceiued was,
So woe with wealth will come to passe.
Then wilt thou grieue with great debate,
And sure repent, but then too late.

This being ended, Paurinio pausing on the saymer reply,
at length burst forth into these speeches.

Father (quoth hee) seeing Cupids wings are plumed with
the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes where they pearce,
ensues naught but misery : Ile quite desie such follies, rase
Venus with a frowne, and court Pallas with disgrace. Ile
blunt Cupids arrowes with disdain, so that at y most they
shall but touch my garments: this valiant hart shall neuer
yeld honour to pinching penury, nor to the flattering Sy-
rens which sweetly sing the saylers wack, or the Fowlers
pipe, which pleasantly playeth the birds death. For nowe
experience plainely shoves, the best wine maketh the shar-
pest vinegar, and folly it were to gather Honney amongst
Hornets, or Eagles amongst Adders.

Thus resting my selfe to liue in defiance of those amorous
glaunces, that kill with bitter looks of hate, I will say with
Diogenes, For young men it is too soone, for old men it is too
late.

Yet not resting content, beeing ströken with a contrary
object, once againe troubled his father a little further.

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Father (quoth he) admit she be not adorned with riches, graced with beauty, but decked with a lovely browne, whose desires are no greater than her deserts, who is loving, mild, shamefast, gentle, painefull, and yet pleasant, but withall profitable: not gadding or gazing after euery dissembling portrature, but alwayes constant to one creature: whose gayning is neither costly nor troublesome: not wonne with gallant gifts, but with a constant heart: not courted with cost, but with curtesie: such a one as though she be not graced with Venus amozites, yet is she adozned with Dianaes chastity: not decked with dimples to deceane, nor wrinkles to betray: her thoughts reach after vertue and not after vice: shee is the perfection of earthly content, and not the procurer of wo: her beauty is tempered with courtesie: and not with coyne: such a one as would force Troylus to bee trothlesse, for she deserueth to be praysed with Orpheus, and not to bee hissed with Hyparchion: what wight but would yeld honour to such a Simph?

Tell (quoth Egistus) first shalt thou read these few lines, enterlaced with bluer letters, which though they be not so gorgeous in shew, yet in substance as costly as the rest.

Hee that for wealth will seeme to wed,
Shall bring ere night a foole to bed.
He that for wealth doth wed a foole,
May well be called of Asinus schoole.
He that for wealth doth wed a scold,
Doth ground his stay where is no hold.
He that for riches would haue payne,
Let him goe try what I refrayne.
He that seekes to liue in health,
Must leaue to loue for cursed wealth.
And thus my sonne the censure ends,
Desiring health to all my friends;

Paurinio

of Paurinio.

Paurinio having read these lines, Egestus presently started
up as in a sodaine trance, making this reply.

Base boy (quoth he) thou dishonourest me, in these thy actions: what Kings, and stoupe so low as beggars? Fond boy, I lament the follies of thy youth: what, is there neuer a Lady in my Court can suffice thy amorous minde, but a Countrey Curtizan: knowing that if shee be poore, shee is proud, peeuish, froward, and still gaping after promotion: she is, assure thee, as coy to be catched as can be, and wherfore was shee married (will shee say) but to be maintayned: her cares are addicted more to a pound of gins me, than an ounce of take me: shee will looke to be maintained by aue, though she be a begger: shee cannot be wooed with words but with wealth, she gapes more for gayne than for good will, her affections are like the dewe of a Christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but leapeth off: it entrencheth at a moment, and flieth out at a minute: her looks can commaund a thousand sighs, and her hart is of salt-peter, making a shew of loue, and pawning but a flash: then consider fond Boy, that loue without wealth, is like a Cedar-tree without fruite: a faire Riuer without fishes, faire Apples but festered: then know base Boy, that want procures woe, neede, nakednes, and misery protends enmity. She will woe thee with vertues, and wed thee with wealth: so that offorce in the ende thou must be exalted from a courtly King, to a Countrey Dudge: yea, and perhaps caused to take the ayze of a prisen, or other for recreation: so that thy chiefest gaine will proue misery, and thy pleasures perhaps turne thee to a dolefull Tragedy. When the valiant nature of a King will turne to a Carter: and she be accounted for a Curtizan. Thus fond Paurinio, pause thy pretended misery, and change thy affections from a Countrey Dudge, to a courtly Dame, and so will I not onely be thy Father, but also thy friend: so desiring thee to peruse these lines, I end.

You

The Amorous passions

You gallants all that seekes to loue,
And wed vnwares before yee prooue,
Come reade this same and view it right,
A patterne pleasant to your sight.
A young man once did wed a mayde,
And poore she was the story sayd:
The mayd no sooner married was,
But marke what after came to passe.

The young man was a wealthy Farmers sonne,
But she consum'd his goods before a month was done.
Then did she taunt him in her stately talke,
And bad him if his goods were gone, away from her to walk,
Which he no sooner heard, but flowing teares were rife,
He did lament his follies great, to wed with such a wife,
So now my sonne be warned by this maydens hate,
Least thou repent when time is all too late.

This beeing ended, Paurinio vtterly protested in spite of
beauty and Venus wanton wiles, to liue in swete content,
and vtter defiance of loue, and so to escape the manifold va-
nities and miseries that marriage still affords: resting him-
selfe with his fathers former phrase: that women are the
contrariest creatures on the earth.

Leauing Paurinio surfeiting in loue through his fathers
former counsell, let vs returne to that constant Louer Lu-
sina, who accounted the day dismall, and the night full of sor-
rowes, still pausing on Paurinios swete smiles, and think-
ing alwayes of that late united sympathy, till at last for-
tune began to frowne: shee had intelligence that Paurinios
loue was turned to bitter hate, and his sayre promises to
soule disdain, and none to be causer of the same, but his fa-
thers former counsell: so that Lusina thought (if it might
be) to requite his loue with such a cooling carde, as might
cause the youth not onely pensue, but perhaps passionate,
and

of Paurinio.

and so forth, with starting to her standish, wrote these lines to Paurinio.

Lusinaes Letter to Paurinio.

Although Paurinio that fathers counsell is not to bee contraried, and his command is a law of constraint: yet shoulde not so small a blast, blemish louers affections. But now I rightly perceine y mens affections are like the dew on a Chyistall, which no sooner lighteth on, but leapeth off: and louers cannot be sure that surfet, but if womē were so contrary as your father setteth downe in his censure, I maruaile the Gods had not as well made fidelitie a man, as a woman: but tush, I see my louing follies are rewarded with disdainfull flouts, yet Paurinio, as vntrue, inconstant, and deceitfull as we are, you still pursue vs: for admit wee hide our brests, it must be with leather, for no cloth can keep your long nayles out of our bosomes. Your father setteth downe that we haue roling eyes. I aunswere he hath a raging tongue: but if men could as well embrace counsell as they can giue it, Socrates rule woulde bee better followed: but vaine it were to make any long discourse, for I haue reason to deeme of snowe by the whitenes, and trees by the blossoms: and though I be put poore, yet I will not be found vnfaithfull: though I am a Country drudge, I will bee as constant as a courtly Dame: but tush Paurinio, if thy loue had proued so light as it appears by thy dealings, thou mightest haue kept thy sword in thy sheath, and thy winde to coole thy pottage: for Paurinio, had Carthage beene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the beauntious Trojan had beene as constant as he was comely: or had the Queene of Boetrie been pinched with so many passions: if the wanton Ferriman had beene as faithfull as he was sayre: No, no, Paurinio I am forced to speake, and say: that if we women were as dissembling as ye men are, wee woulde not yeelde with

The Amorous passions

With the Darts in Calabria, that knowing dictatum payson,
still buse it with grébinesse, no: so pliant to snatch with the
fishe Maugre at the bare hooke: but why shoulde I write so
plainly to play with the House, when the Cat sitteth by: or
fill my letters with frivolous examples, when his ffather
setteth downe a thousand Ambages to the contrarie, & stan-
deth with a thousande Argos eyes to ouerpzie his actions:
therefore Paurinio, as thou art a Prince pittiflesse, and a fea-
ture faithlesse, so will I leaue thee: and if this my Letter
shoulde offend thee, then draw thy sword once againe, and as
thou didst enforce me to lone, so with the same sword end my
vitall life: for I account an honorable death, before a wic-
ked and shamelesse life: and as before I loued thee so nowe
will I loathe thee. Not thine, but her owne. Lufina.

Car il fait bon auoir deux cordes en son arc.

False-harted wretch receiue this same,
Tho watry teares the lines did frame.

Lufina hauing ended her letter, caused it presentlie to bee
sent packing to Paurinio, and in the meane time, she would
passe her paine with pleasing songs.

Lufina her song.

Hard hap had I to view,
oh my poore hart:
Paurinio prooues vntrue,
that is my smart.
Loue hath caused me to cry,
Accursed was mine eye,
For to gaze vp so hie,
On him who doth denie
my loue alas,

Where.

of Paurinio.

Where should I make my mone
no state like mine:

Where should I walke alone
my life to pine,

Sweet Gods my censure pause,

And pittie you my cause,

I am catched in Cupids clawes,

Repent I may all my dayes,

That I did loue

The silent woods are best,

no state like mine,

To seeke for quiet rest,

my life to pine.

So to condemne his state,

And quit his loue with hate,

And teach him for to prate,

Against my loue of late,

Fitte for his folly.

Thus will I rest content,

faithlesse is hee,

Least loue cause me repent,

in passions to die.

And liue in great despite,

Of that vntrue delight,

Whereof I tooke sight,

Which proued so vnright,

Foolish was I.

FINIS.

quoth faithfull Lusina

Thus will I leaue Lusina, with her heauenly musique,
and sweete songs: and returne to Paurinio, whom ha-
uing receiued Lusinaes Letter, and measured the meaning

D 2

thereof

The Amorous passions

of with a thousande mournfull teares, exclaýming against Fortune & his fathers former counsel, began in this maner. Ah Paurinio, howe shouldest thou frame thy pen to craue a generall pardon for all thy former offences: Ah foolish Paurinio, wert thou so vngratefull, as to acquittance loue with disdain: or so vnkind as to weigh down her good wil with discourtesie: and to giue her a weede that presents thee a flower: and beate her with Pettles, that perfumes thee with Roses: Consider with thy selfe Paurinio, as a Father is neere, so loue is deere, and her loue is to be preferred before thy Fathers counsell, and therefore Paurinio, disdain not beauty, least thou be ouer-reached, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, and yet unpittied: Car il fait bon battre le fer, tandis qu'il est chaud. When sith it is good to beate the yron whilst it is hote, so it is good to intreat thy former loue anew whilst thou maist, least after ward it be too late: Why foolish Paurinio, Lusina is louing, constant and true, and wilt thou then prefer thy Fathers counsell, before a Paragon of earthly perfection, or art thou so mad to prefer dross before gold, common Flint before choise Diamond, Fathers loue before sweet content: No Paurinio, shake off these follies and say: none but Lusina shall controle thy mind, for as euery strome hath his calme, & the greatest spring-tide the deepest ebbe, and as the choicest foote may tread awry, and the louingest wight at sometime may surfeite, for beate suppressed is more violent the fire being almost quenched with water, when it recouereth burneth the fiercer: the streame stopped, makes the greater deluge: and passions concealed procures the deepest sorowes: and olde friendship vnited againe, proues faithfull: for *amantium ira amoris redinte gratio est*: When considering with thy selfe, that, hee that is stung with the Scorpion, must bee healed with the Scorpion, therefore Paurinio, think no medicine fitter for thy misery, then to be cured by Lusinaes friendly answers. So starting to his studie he framed his Letter to this effect.

Paurinio

of Paurinio.

Paurinio to the health of Lusina.

A Lusina, with griefe I am forced to gyue thee knowledge that I haue receaved thy letter, the which makes me not onely pensive but passionate, the which when I had viewed, it presently caused my cheekes to be watered with many teares, and sad sorrow was seated in my face to paint my bitter passions, my fathers counsell was quite forgot, and I ready to runne beside my wits, to know what way I might obtaine that by fauour, which befoze I had by folly lost: protesting with a solemne vow, that no Circes with all her inchauntments, no Calipso with all her sozceries, no Syren with all her melodies, should peruert or change my hart from Lusina. Then pardon swete prospect of my health, though I haue rashly stumbled at a straw, and railed against reason, I confesse I haue strided against the streame, till I am ouerwhelmed with the wanes, I haue scared against the glimmering Starres, with the porcupine, till I am catched for a pray, I haue gazed against the bow, till I am stricken with the bolt, I haue eate with the Deere agaynst the winde: and I haue followed my Fathers counsell, till I am quite forsaken, for which I am here constrained to pleade for that which vnfortunatly I lost, craving fauour where befoze I disdaind: but blush not at my follies, nor maruell not at my letter, nor deeme it a shew of fained love, for let Father say what hee will, I protest to remayne thy loyall patient, desiring your soueraigne salue to heale my disquieted body. Thus swete Lusina, watering my cheekes with teares, lamenting and bewayling that want which my louing hart desires, the which through my Fathers counsell, and my owne follies is vtterly lost for euer, vnlesse you remaine pittifull.

Thus desiring your presence with as great a desire as Penelope did to see her beloued Vliſſes I ende with teares,

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protesting at the vnspealing hereof, to make a flood of teares
to conuay the letter to thee by water, desiring heauens no
longer to fauour my estate, than I remaine louing to Lu-
sina,

Not his owne but thine,
Lusina.

By him that stayes in hart your owne,
as long as life doth last,
And if that loue be after life,
your owne when life is past.

Paurinio, hauing no sooner ended his Letter, but pre-
sently caused it to be conuayed to Lusina, and so taking his
Lute in hand, beganne as followeth, with a wofull song in
Dialogue.

Cease wofull teares, and watry cheekes be dry,
Cease off to mone, sith loue doth cause thee die:
Hard was thy hap, to harbour high disdain,
Against thy deere, and causer of thy paine.

My bleeding teares shall eccho forth my woe,
My watery cheekes, my pained griefe shall shoe.
Be spent yee teares within my wofull eies,
Poure forth my plaints vp to the glorious skies.

Cease off to weepe, and liue in pleasant ioy,
Cease off to grieue, sith Fortune wrought annoy:
Pittie will pearce within her louing hart,
And send a salue to ease my pained smart.

How should I cease to waile my pained griefe?
How can I ioy, and voyde of sweet reliefe?
Curst was my hart, to harbour such disdain,
Curst was my tongue, to breed my bitter paine.

Leaue

of Paurinio. and T

Leaue off to waile, leaue off I say to mone,
Leaue off to sorrow, sith thou must liue alone:
Shed not thy teares, sith vaine it is to cry,
Thy former follies hath wrought thy misery.

Loue bids me grieue vnto my wofull end,
Loue bids me waile, sith I haue lost a friend:
In paine to liue, in woe and wofull thrall,
Sith counsell hath causd my woe and bitter fall.

Come wofull Lute and sound vnto my death,
Come Muses sing, whilst I haue vitall breath:
And then adiew, vnto that louing wight,
To whom my hand I faithfully did plight.

Finis.

Another Song.

How should I frame in wofull wise,
for to lament my deeds:
Sweet Neptune lend thy helping hand
to frame my mournfull weeds.

I did offend my wished ioy,
and set her loue so light,
Till blinde obliuion wrought my noy,
and waide each cause with right.

That now I dare not once presume,
my fixed loue to shoe,
Because with follies of my hart,
I causd her bitter woe.

Ye mighty Gods that rules the hart:
of euery louing wight:
Poure forth my plaints and pained grieve,
with all your power and might.

And:

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And print within Lucinas hart
the substance of my loue,
That she may know my constant hart,
which neuer shall remoue.

Remooue nor neuer shall remooue,
vntill Paurinio die,
And then I must perforce depart,
and let such fancies flie.

Accursed was my mind to thinke,
and hart that gaue consent,
To force me reape vp such replyes,
the which I now repent.

Could I not way with curtesie,
the substance of her loue,
But quite condemne so rigorously,
the things I cannot proue.

Ah cruell Tyger that I was,
to worke her pined woe,
And to a true and faithfull friend,
to prooue a deadly foe.

How dare I then with scrowling pen,
shew forth my ern't good will,
And hauing offered such great wrongs,
her silly hart to kill.

No, no, Paurinio rest content,
and liue in endlesse paine,
Sith thou hast rayl'd against their sex,
she will not loue againe.

FINIS.

Thus

of Paurinio.

Thus leaving Paurinio lamenting his former follies, let
us returne to Lusina, who having receaved Paurinios
letter, and reading it over, began to rage in this manner.

Oh foolish and flattering Paurinio, dost thou thinke to
fetch mee off with Orpheus melodie, or cause mee to lende
eares to the flattering Sirens: no Paurinio, the burned
childe feareth the fire: and the bird that escapeth out, wil as-
ter breade the fowlers net: and shee that hath tasted pur vn-
plesuer, mille douleurs: hath a cooling card, to beware of after
miseries: alas Paurinio, didst thou thinke I was so foolish as
to account with the Swallow, every sunshine a Summers
day: no Paurinio, I haue hearde that shee was neuer long
wayter in Venus Court, that counts every smile a fauour:
and every laugh to bee true loue: no Paurinio, I may law-
fully cry out with Dido, against Aeneas, or with Phillis a-
gainst Demophon, like Areadne against Theseus, and thou
be canonized in the Chronicles for an inconstant Lover, nay
Paurinio, I rather thinke thou resemblst a Crocodile then
a constant louer: or the leanes of Lycorice, that when they
are most full of dew without, are then most dry within: so
thou art full of wordes, but false harted: tush Paurinio, I
measure thy passions with great milking, and account thy
loue like the Urban blossoms, that open with the dewe, and
shut with the Sun: Nay Paurinio know this, that the Ty-
ger is knowne to bee cruell, though hee hydes his clawes:
and wouldst thou with Ianus bee double faced, to present
sayth and meane flattery, but quoth shee, seeing thou presen-
test me with a cup of wine in one hand, and a poyrado in the
other: I will write thee such a cutting aunswere, as shall
coole thy coy conceits. So on the suddaine she returned him
this aunswere.

Lusina to that faithlesse Lover Paurinio.

Paurinio, having taken a view of thy letter, the which I
perceiue to be painted full of faire speech, thinking ther-

C.

by

The Amorous passions

by I shoulde haue pittied your coloured passions, which are
with the sands of the Sea innumerable: I thought conue-
nient to aunswere your desires, according to your deserts:
and as befoze I entertayned you with a curteous bien venu:
so now to shake you off with a deserved adieu, willing you not
to write befoze I desire you, or to runne headlong in loue,
where you cannot be liked, nor to cast your anker, where it
shal take no hold: for faith with flattery, true love with in-
constancie, shall neuer triumph in a simpathe, then cease
Paurinio, to trouble mee any further, for I account of thy
loue, as of the windes of Lephantos, and of thy postrature,
as of a dissembling creature: and of thy wordes, as banish-
ing cloudes: and of thy tongue, as a hand-bell, raging a-
gainst that thou canst not reach: & railing against that thou
canst not gaine: but tush Paurinio, thy loue doth rightly
proue these sayings true, that the most glozious apple, the
soonest rotten: the sweetest nut, the soonest infected: and the
purest wine, the filthiest dregs: the fairest feature, the in-
constants creature. For Iuno was glozious, yet flattering
to lonely Venus, and so art thou Paurinio to constant Lufina:
outwardly flattering, but inwardly deceiving: the starre
Artophilix is highest, yet setteth soonest, Sapho was subtile
to allure, but slipperie to deceiue: Cressida was curteous:
but inconstant: the Diamond is beautifull, yet deadly poi-
son: and the Polip is euer changeable, and fained loue is
like a Cedar tree without fruite: nay Paurinio, if the maids
of Sabino being stolne from their mothers armes, could pre-
sent both fire and water, signifying therby sinceritie in hart,
and loialtie in behauiour, thinke then that the maides of Bo-
hemia can aunswer their louers with Caro cecilo, as well
as they can say Cara cecila. Thus being very loath to spende
too much paper, though I could write innumerable lines of
thy inconstant loue, yet will I leave thee: and as befoze thou
hast despised loue, so now in thy extremitie, will I shake
thee off to thine owne shadowe, leaving thee with Narcissus,
I end.

Not thine, but her owne.

Lufina.

of Paurinio.

Lufinas censure.

Adiew thou false Paurinio,
I quite defie thy loue,
Adiew, from thee for euer-more,
my hart doth quite remoue.
Thy fained faith too late I prou'd,
thy ioyes are bitter paine,
Thy letters I doe quite contemne,
and count thy loue but vaine.
Thy pen doth run before thy hand,
to write with false intent,
Thy hand doth runne before thy wit,
thy charmes I will preuent.
Then spare thy pen I pray,
And cease to write deceit,
For sith I haue escapt the hooke,
I feare to tast the bayte.
Then cease to write, & spare thy pen,
sith labour is but vaine,
Or else come home, and so receiue
thy trauaile for thy paine.

FINIS. quoth Lufina.

So writing this censure on the wrong side of the Letter,
she presently folded it vp, and safely deliuered it to Pau-
rinio, the which he no sooner receiued, but hee began as fol-
loweth.

Ah Paurinio, accursed is thy state, and thise accursed, be-
cause thou louest. Ah proude and disdainfull Simph, whose
Angelicall looks hath wrought my angry minde, base
Simp, dost thou account my former follies more then my
present miseries, not regarding my waterie teares, that fill

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Cabelas founts, nor measuring my many sighes, that trouble
so my hart: but still standing on thy tearmes without triall,
but out alas, why stande I pleading thus at beauties barre,
sith she is iudge without remorse, why seeke I thus with Si-
siphus to roule a stone against the hill, mourning with Lady
Bibilis, whose teares turned to a fountaine, but out alas, I
accounted once dame Fortunes proffers vaine, I founde her
a constant Silara, and proued my selfe a contrary Iason: but
nowe if I coulde gaine by fauour which I lost by folly, the
running streames of Xanthus should recoile if euer I forsake
her loue, or falsifie my faith, but tush I strine with Midas,
and thirst with Tantalus, my paine exceeds Ticius, and is
greater then Sisiphus, tush why breath I thus in affections
ayre, why liue I thus sith Fortune is my foe, let mee goe
waile my grieve and my great wrong: with Lute in hande
relictus sum shall bee my carefull song, woe is me alas, it is
but vaine to liue and die at euery glance, sweete Loue come
guide my steps, tyde death or life I force not of a straw, I le-
post me to Lusinaes presence, if all the world gaine say.

Thus Paurinio passing the time with passions, and mea-
suring Lusinaes loue with a thousande mournfull teares,
accounting the day dismall, and the night full of sorowes,
vntill he coulde finde opportunitie to passe safely to her pre-
sence, so that in the ende, befoze Phcebus had tossed hys
beames in the skyes, Paurinio got vp ready, waiting at Lu-
sinas chamber dore to giue her a kindlie salute or friendlie
good morrowe, falling prostrate at her feete, crauing pardon
for his former follies, in this manner as followeth.

Paurinio to Lusina.

Pardon sweete prospect of my health, I humbly craue
a pardon for my former follies: protesting with a solempne
bowe, that the world shall cease to haue clements, the skie
starres,

of Paurinio.

Starres, the trees fruite, the fields grasse, & al things reuerſed
ſhall fall to their ſozmer Chaos, if euer I ſozſake Luſina.

Luſina.

Pardon faire Prince, though to the contrary I ſolemnly
ſweare: that the Sunne ſhall ceaſe to ſhine, the Starres to
gliſter, and mighty Mountaines to remoue, if euer I enter-
taine a ſurſeiting Louer.

Paurinio.

But yet ſweet Goddeſſe, entertaine a newe reſozmed Lo-
uer: reſpect thy baſe eſtate, account my birth requires a bet-
ter Paragon: but yet I finde not one ſo worthy ſoz to equall
my eſtate, as conſtant, loyall, and louely Luſina.

Luſina.

Pardon faire Prince, ſoz if I ſhould be ſole Princeſſe of
the world: I would not alter mine affections.

Paurinio.

Proude Nymph, theſe taunting words will force my an-
gry wrath: baſe Nymph, dignity aduanceth thy poſterity:
and doſt thou holde thy Loue at higher rate then Kings can
compaſſe.

Luſina.

As ſoz my loue, I hold it at a higher rate than all the ri-
ches in the world: and as ſoz my virginity, it is the flower
of my youth: ſo that I prefer the ſtate of a Countrey Iudge
beſoze a Kings Concubine.

Paurinio.

Why ſtand I thus on termes, when Kings may ſtraight-
ly commaund: come ſozoth thou brutiſh blade, and bee the
butcher of ſo baſe a girle: ſpeake, wilt thou loue or no, or els
thou ſhalt die, my hart hath ſwozne it ſo.

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Lusina.

Welcome thou fatall blade, adiew each trusty friende,
false harted Prince come doe thy worst, dispatch and make
an end.

Paurinio.

What art thou willing thus to end thy life, speake, the
blade stands to thy brest, eyther yeld to loue, and so to liue,
or else to loath, and so die.

Lusina,

Ah bloody Butcher doe thy worst, I willing am to die.

Paurinio.

What heart so hard that would not burst, what stone so
hard but raine will pearce, what man so mad would slea a
mayde, what wight that would not pittie her estate, ah Lu-
sina, constant Lusina, liue & breathe thy life: Paurinio giues
thee leaue: adiew sweet Simph, the constant st mayde on
earth: my former follies wronged thy constant heart: but
for thy sake, and for the loue I beare thee, not one within
the western world, shall euer lodge with me.

Thus (gentle Readers) leauing these two Louers, I will
end this Pamphlat: hee returning to his fathers house, to
passe away the time with paine, and she to her lodging: and
gratulating Fortune with many thanks, in that she had es-
caped the cruell punishment which Paurinio purposed to
haue put in practise: I end. Yours to commaund.

A vostre commandement et seruice afinq;

R. Turner.



